

# Life

DECEMBER 8, 1921

PRICE 15 CENTS



*Between the Lines*

JOHN F. ZANDACKER  
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Dear Marie

Thank you so much for the beautiful Florient Gift Box. The Perfume, Toilet Water, Soap, and Face Powder are all perfectly lovely. So many of my friends have spoken enthusiastically about Florient. It seems the perfume of the season. Now I can readily understand why it was sent to you.

They have so many kinds of things to be looked after

The Cashmere Bouquet Soap you sent pleased me so much, because I remember it from years ago. Grandmother used to keep a cake of it in

my neat store. I several weeks all hope to be for the holidays.

It is so getting ready for

Johnny liked the book immensely and I feel sure that the tube of Ribbon Dental Cream will help him to remember to clean his teeth faithfully. I tucked it into his stocking after

Baby can't write to boxes of Colgate's can and I do. We enjoy it ever so much and several people have asked me what was the delicate fragrance that I used on

Christmas happy time. And as for the Florient Perfume you sent to May - she just loves it.

For what so after leaving

The "Handy Grip" Shaving Stick you sent me makes me as happy as I used to be when they let me spread the jam on as thick as my piece of bread. I can shave now without apologizing to my face. If Santa Claus ever tries Colgate's himself he will quit wearing whiskers.

## The effect of COLGATE'S FOR CHRISTMAS

YOU can almost fill your Christmas shopping list from this group of Colgate articles, for they are all well-known in your circle of friends and relatives.

At Your Favorite Store.

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

Large size, three cakes in a box—70c.  
Medium (10c) size, six cakes in a box—55c.

Florient Perfume, \$1.00 to \$10.00.

Toilet Waters, 50c. to \$3.25.

Cha Ming Talc, Florient Talc, 25c.

Compact Face Powder, 35c.

Charmis Cold Cream, 25c., 40c. and 65c.

"Handy Grip" Shaving Stick, 35c.

Refill for "Handy Grip," 25c.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream—  
large size, 25c.

It's always safe to select Colgate's.

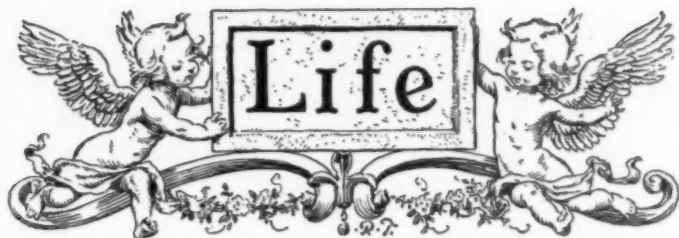
COLGATE & CO.

Est. 1806

NEW YORK

Be American in loveliness!  
Perfume is the gift of gifts!





## The Knight Before Christmas

THE knight, before Christmas, observed to his spouse,

"I'm charmed with the service, all over the house !

The cook offers daily my favorite dishes;

The butler's a wonder at guessing my wishes;

The steward's all ginger, in spite of his years ;

Wherever I glance, a retainer appears.

My barber excels in his deftness and speed ;

The grooms puts a satiny gloss on my steed ;

My armor is scoured till it dazzles my sight,

My sword and my spear are abnormally bright.

The sentinels never are guilty of naps ;

My varlets are constantly doffing their caps.

Dear Mother-in-law has abandoned her rages ;

My squire alertly turns down the fresh pages.

Nurse Margery curtsies, the kitchen-wench bows ;

The rustics raise marvelous porkers and cows.

My minstrel's loud carols resound with my fame ;

The jester's quaint stories are never the same.

It's pleasant to note (though the date is but recent)

Our people all acting so awfully decent !

This shows us, my dear, that with common accord,

They're happy to serve so distinguished a lord."

But his lady replied, with a smile on her lips,

"The season approaches for holiday tips,

And your motto is plain, if you'll read it aright :

'Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good knight !'"

Corinne Rockwell Swain



Working Overtime Just Now





The Vamp

### What a Man Likes to Talk About

**H**IS level headedness.  
 His successful business methods.  
 His business rival's mistakes.  
 His level headedness.  
 His motor car achievements.  
 His golf score.  
 His level headedness.  
 His idea of religion.  
 His favorite foods.  
 His level headedness.  
 His theory of running any large enterprise.  
 His contempt for musicians and artists.  
 His level headedness.  
 His politics.  
 His home brew recipes.  
 His understanding of women.  
 His level headedness.

### What a Woman Likes to Talk About

HER friend's shortcomings.  
 Her clothes.  
 Her cooks.  
 Her friend's shortcomings.  
 Her social standing.  
 Her former lovers.  
 Her friend's shortcomings.  
 Her dislike of publicity.  
 Her intimate knowledge of the latest intellectual fad.  
 Her friend's shortcomings.  
 Her husband's failure to understand her.  
 Her yearning for—she doesn't know what.  
 Her friend's shortcomings.  
 Her contempt of gossip.  
 Her children's witticisms.  
 Her understanding of men.  
 Her friend's shortcomings.



## What Is Home Without an Elephant?

ACCORDING to a recent writer, an elephant is as playful as a kitten. "It is," he declares, "a far nicer pet than a kitten, for it is more careful of injury to its fellows."

It is better, however, to secure as young an elephant as possible, so that early in life he will get the run of the house and become friendly with the children. It is not that an old elephant is necessarily more treacherous than a

are very temperamental, although with admirable poise they endeavor to conceal this under a placid exterior. It is best to be aware of this fact and wherever possible to use tact and consideration. When his feelings are hurt or he is crossed, an elephant is likely to lose his temper. Before this happens if possible try to entice him into some room where the furniture is of such a character that it will not be missed. The

elephant when entering one of his tantrums usually begins by swaying from side to side, humming softly to himself. This is the moment to act. Sometimes a barrel or so of nice fresh peanuts will placate him, and these should always be kept on hand where they may be easily reached. Also, do not

wake him suddenly when he is taking his daily nap, otherwise he is likely to be startled and, without meaning to do so, will rise so sharply as to cause the ceiling and even the roof considerable damage.

On the whole, it is better to select your elephant when he is about four weeks old and you can get him through one of the doors. If you wait much longer, you may have to hoist him up outside onto the back porch, and then have the door space enlarged. As carpenters charge all the way from nine to sixteen dollars a day, this expense might just as well be avoided. Once inside, he can grow up with the family.

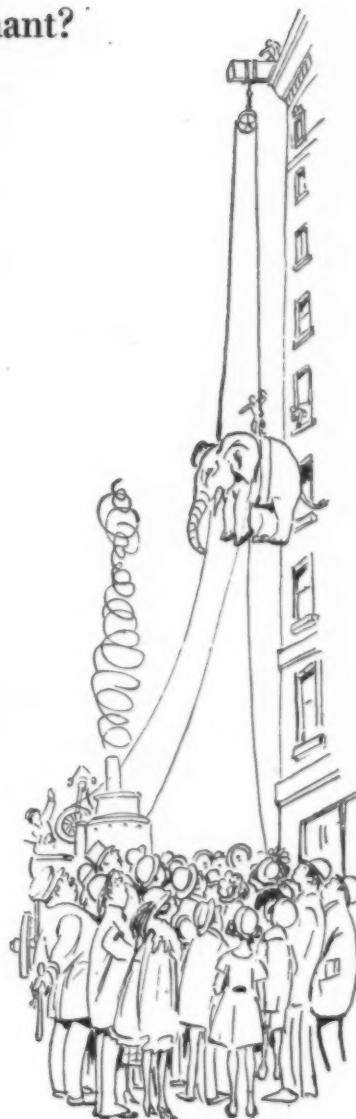
Do not, under any circumstances, allow him to squeeze his way out-doors. He might get sunburned. T. L. M.



young one, but elephants acquire habits, just as human beings do, and when one has an elephant for a house pet, it is much better to break him in in his youth to your way of doing things rather than have him insist too much on his own way.

Any elephant can be trained not to jump up on the foot of the bed at night just as you are composing yourself to sleep. Then, again, an elderly elephant, when you give him his bath, is likely at the wrong moment to suck up all the water from the bathtub, and squirt it out again in the living-room later. You can train a young elephant not to do this, so that giving him his bath becomes a genuine pleasure.

Elephants, take them by and large,



## My Buddy

"My message to the people of Canada is, 'Honor the dead by helping the living.'"  
Byng of Vimy.

I AM the soul of the Unknown Dead, and a word to the world  
I speak  
For my comrades passing my catafalque, weary and worn and weak.  
I sleep in peace, and my resting-place is worthy of all our dead;  
But what of the Buddy I left behind, and where does he find his bed?

I am the soul of the Unknown Dead, and its homage you pay  
to me,  
But what have you done for the broken men who fared with me overseas?  
They've passed my bier, as I lay in state, with hesitant step and slow,  
And my rest is broken to know that they have still so far to go.

I prize the guerdon that you bestow, the glory the nameless won,  
For we who have given our lives for you, mock not at the things you've done;  
But, oh, my spirit was sad to-day, as they passed in the grand review—  
For, if you give of your best to me, why not to my Buddy too?

Edward S. Van Zile.



### Sanctum Talk

"WHO'S this?"

"Don't you know me, LIFE? I'm Bernard Shaw."

"Do you mean to say—"

"Don't worry. I'm not going to visit America. I just dropped in on you personally—to—"

"I hear you've got religion, Brother Shaw. Always joking."

"That's my trade—so different from yours."

"Old stuff. I'm so tired of being told that I'm not a humorous paper."

"Then why don't you do something about it?"

"I am. Isn't this a delicately humorous interview with the world's most professional humorist? Say something bright. Be disagreeable about something."

"Well then, I hate America."

"Fine!"

"On the whole, I think Shakespeare was an old dear, considering that he didn't have me to look up to."

"How perfectly rollicking!"

"I admire Hearst beyond words! He pays so well."

"You make me chuckle!"

"All Englishmen, no matter who they may be, are intensely stupid. All Irishmen, with one or two exceptions, are intensely brilliant, and I am the most brilliant of all."

"I am now holding my sides."

"That's nothing! Wait till you hear what's coming. There is no form of disloyalty in which I won't indulge if I can say something smart."

"Dear! Dear! How you do run on!"

"I am also advocating the practice of living forever, so people can go on permanently enjoying the good things I am constantly getting off."

"This is *too* witty. I can't stand it!"

"You must! Everybody has to stand it. That's what I am here for, to make everybody stand it."

"Is that why you won't visit America—you gay dog?"

"Of course! Think of the consequences. Everybody would be so amused that there'd be an end to everything. You're half gone now."

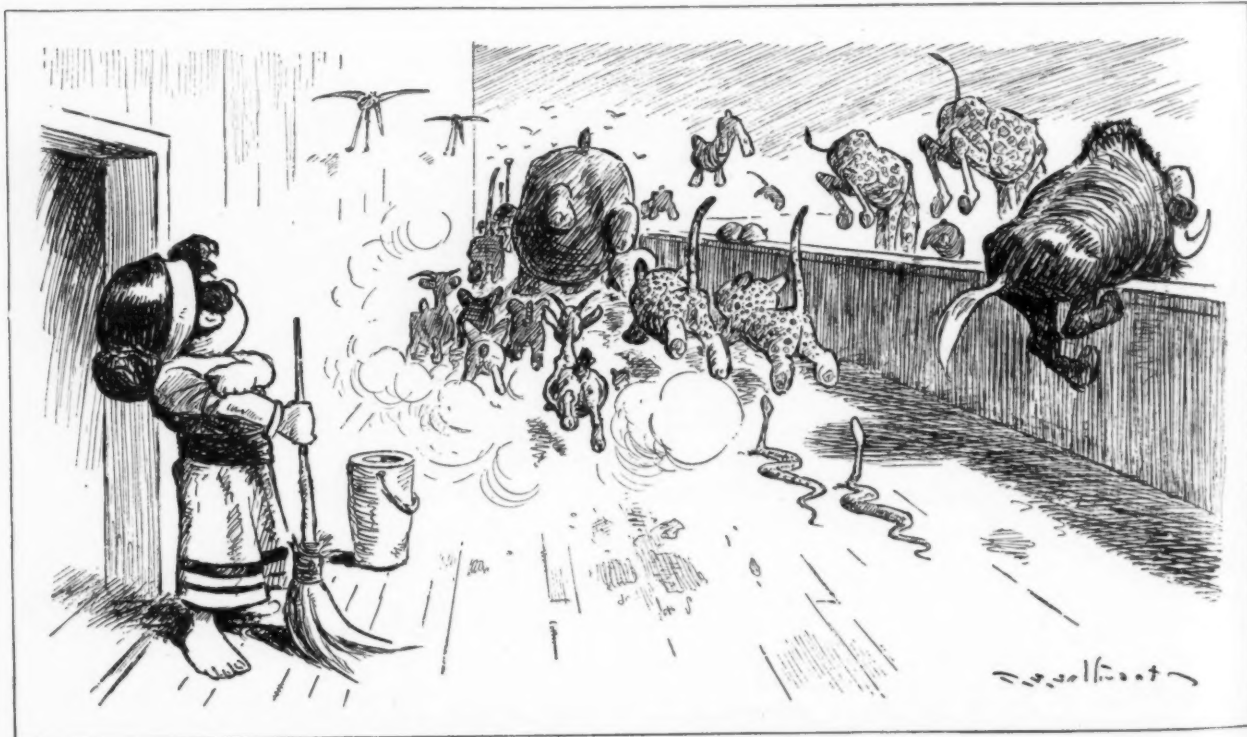
"Don't! Say no more! Leave me."

"I'm the very best there is—"

"I'll say so, B. S.—with tar and feathers. G'by."

"G'by, LIFE!"

T. L. M.

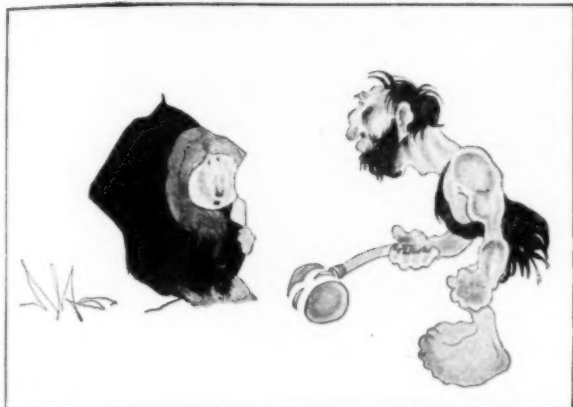


Mrs. Noah decides on a thorough housecleaning.

# The White Pearl

Verses by George Mitchell

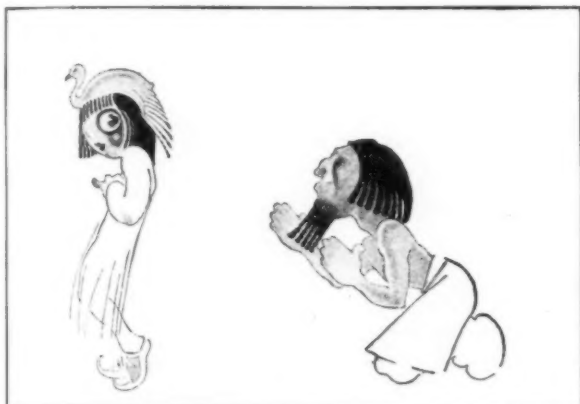
Drawings by John Held, Jr.



A-many, many years ago  
The Female rated rather low.  
A diff'rent creature—one might say—  
From that fair thing we see to-day.



She had to work much harder then,  
Persuaded often by rough men,  
Who daily grew in strength and size  
By dint of healthy exercise.



But, ever crafty and alert,  
The cunning creature learned to flirt,  
And so, with artful coquetties,  
Soon had her keeper on his knees.



With rapid strides she grew in grace  
Until she filled a lofty place,  
Not on, but just behind the Throne,  
To rule the ruler—though unknown.



The consequence—'tis plain to see—  
Mere Bagatelle for such as she:  
Full many a King did blush unseen  
In the effulgence of his Queen.



And now, victorious at last,  
She rises from a dismal past:  
The trapper's caught in his own trap—  
She's all but pushed Man off the map.



## Life



## Lines

THE trial of M. Landru, "the French Bluebeard," discloses the fact that he has had 283 fiancées. He must be one of those boys you see around summer resorts.

The coal men cannot fuel all the people all the time.

The Christmas spirit as some people understand it seems to be "hollier than thou."

Cider must be hard to sell.

In a royal tomb in Thebes, a box containing a pack of gold-washed playing cards was discovered. Evidently an expensive Pharaoh lay-out.

The great vogue of wool stockings for flappers means a sacrifice of the lambs for the limbs.

Japan may be the world's Pacific problem, but Ireland is its non-pacific problem.

Some of the geniuses in Greenwich Village may be genuine, but most of them seem to be freudent.

Striking waiters invade restaurants, breaking dishes and pouring soup on the diners.—*Berlin News Item.*

Returning to work, we suppose.

Those two New York Socialists who have learned on a recount that they were elected aldermen in 1919 must feel that they were just marxing time.

Bandits blind Detroit bank cashier with pepper and rob bank.—*News Item.*

When a teller needs a friend.

It would seem as though the Senatorial "Damps" and "Drys" were still at lagerheads over the beer bill.

Hylan was re-elected on a platform of five-cent fares. Practically any subway platform in New York contains enough voters to swing an election.

A lot of risqué farces would never score if it weren't for excellent police interference.

Government officials declare that the next war will be fought in the air and under water. On the level?

A recent movie feature was dedicated "to all women who don't realize the value of money." Why not, "to all women—period"?

Jack Dempsey has gone on the stage, which proves the sock and buskin are still inseparable.

The wife of a successful humorist always has plenty of pun-money.

It is rumored that Judge Landis, the Baseball Commissioner, intends to relegate Babe Ruth to bench duty next season for insubordination. All of which would seem to justify the prevalent suspicion that Hizzoner places the bench in subordination to baseball.

There are only a few original jokes and most of them are in Congress.

If somebody only had some brass tacks the country could start getting down to them.

Dr. Sze, of China, has asked the Arms Conference to end the Boxer payments. A formal protest is expected from Mr. Dempsey.

This is the last week of the Life Line Contest. Contributions received in this office after December 15th will not be eligible for the \$100 prize, although they will be considered as possible Life Lines, and, if accepted, will be paid for at the usual rate of \$5 apiece.



For Christmas Day the Christmas dough  
Is kneaded high and kneaded low.  
Punch it thick and thump it thin,  
Flatten it out with a rolling-pin.

In the kitchen's lots of fun  
When Christmas pie and Christmas bun  
Are kneaded high and kneaded low  
For lovely, squodgy Christmas dough.

Lloyd George says that good politicians are scarce. Scarce? They're impossible.

Now that rompers for children are going out, their union suits will probably be called "gompers."

The most useless gift one can give his wife at this time is a charge account, not to be opened till Christmas.



*Conrad Aiken*

**To Marjorie Rambeau**  
In "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting"

**I**F all the tears you shed so lavishly  
Were gathered, as they left each brimming eye,  
And were collected in a crystal sea,  
The envious ocean would curl up and dry—  
So awful in its mightiness, that lake,  
So fathomless, that clear and salty deep.  
For, oh, it seems your gentle heart must break,  
To see you weep.

We try to tell ourselves it isn't true,  
We strive to feel that dawn must follow dark,  
We strain to hold the thought that, off-stage, you  
Are happy as the widely-mentioned lark.  
But, though you wring our feelings to their cores,  
Our devastated hearts you seem to keep,  
For, oh, we pack the theatre to its doors  
To see you weep.

*Dorothy Parker.*



"He's a literary light, isn't he?"  
"Fourteen book power."

### Say It With Flowers

ONCE upon a time there dwelt a couple who grew tired of looking at each other across the breakfast table. Also, the dinner table.

"Shall I consult a lawyer?" queried the man of himself. Then, shaking his head in negative fashion, he added: "No, I shall consult a florist."

Beginning next day, a high bank of cut flowers adorned the dining table, completely cutting off the man's view of his wife, and his wife's view of him.

"This costs less than a lawyer," said the man, "and it looks better from the outside."

But in a few weeks the florist lost a

good customer. The daily order was discontinued.

The woman had caught the man peeping curiously around the roses. And she had caught him.

A. H. F.

### One More

OPTIMIST: I believe the time will come when there will be no more jokes about the optimist and the pessimist.

PESSIMIST: If it does, we shall not be there to enjoy the relief.

THE policy of the five-cent toll bridge seems to be "cinque or swim."

### "A Trifle Too"

SHE was a pretty little sprite,  
My dinner partner Tuesday night;  
A trifle old for sweet sixteen—  
In manner and in speech, I mean.

Her waist was cut a trifle low—  
They're wearing them that way, you know;  
Her skirt, perhaps a shade too high.  
(Such length of leg as met the eye!)

Her cheeks were just a bit too red—  
The rouge had been too thickly spread;  
Her nose too white; her eyes too black;  
A color sense she seemed to lack.

Her voice was pitched a little loud,  
To make it heard above the crowd.  
She told me things that, really!—well,  
I blush to think of, much less tell.

\* \* \*

It may be I am getting old—  
I'm just about eighteen, all told;  
But the young girls I've lately seen  
In social haunts where I have been,  
Seem, as I pass them in review,  
Each one to be a trifle "too."

G. K. D.

### An Awkward Situation

TRY as I would I could not rid myself of the Bore. He was not to be dismissed by anything I did.

"I must go uptown," I said; but he merely replied,

"Very well, I'll go with you."

I invented several chores but he stuck like a leech.

Finally I hesitated in front of a private dwelling

I had never seen before and said to the Bore,

"I must stop here to see an old friend. Good-by."

I ran up the steps and rang the bell. The door was opened by a servant.

"Is Mrs. Robinson in?" I inquired.

"Certainly, sir," he replied. "Step this way."

### Platitudes

VANITY never goes hungry. It feeds on itself.

\* \* \*

As a rule, women who *do* fancy work *don't* fancy work.

\* \* \*

No week end is weaker than its strongest drink.

\* \* \*

EVEN the girl with the rosebud mouth can give a withering smile.





Drawn by Gluyas Williams

### The Censor

## East Is East and West Is West

WE are told that Margaret Fuller once declared that she accepted the Universe.

"Gad, she'd better!" said Carlyle.

Yet a great proposition should not be accepted blindly, unthinkingly. We accept all too many statements without question; all too many dogmas without investigation.

For instance, look at this one: East is East and West is West. Think of it—realize it. East is East, West is West. Undeniable, indisputable; nothing vague or indeterminate about it, nothing ambiguous or equivocal. East is *East*, calm and serene in the very conviction of its Eastness, while West is equally and as indubitably *West*.

Much could be said on this subject, but it would all come back to horses, as the essential truth of anything must.

But, you may say, on the spirited cob of the cobblestones or on the Bucking Broncho of the prairie, intent, self-absorbed, East and West are alike riding to a fall.

Yet does this in no way interfere with the pure and beautiful truth, East is East, West is West, and you can't get away from it.

Look at them—look at their mounts. Though both are riding the pace that

kills, they wear their horses with a difference.

You may ride a hobby or a Pegasus, you may go to a steeplechase or a round-up, you may bestride a caparisoned steed or be a Beggar on Horseback, yet still East is East and West is West.

Nothing can shake that. It is impregnable, unassailable, Gibraltarian.

The horses, following the Dodo, are hurrying on their way to extinction. Yet East keeps right on being East, and West stubbornly continues to be West—we accept it.

*Carolyn Wells.*

### Success

HE wrote a sordid novel, full Of dirt, and dull despair, And cornbeef hash, and dreary wives, And homes oppressed by care— And all the little flappers, far Removed from pain and strife, Devoured the book, and all agreed, "How very true to life!"

"WHILE they are getting their divorce, who has the custody of the children?"

"The chauffeur."

## Help! Help!

LORD help me! I'm sitting in a Dentist's chair— Waiting to be bored.

There's a hint Of the worst About to be pulled In the gurgle of the Little stream At my elbow. I've just been Pumped up To a chilly height. My dentist is Whistling, "Look for the Silver Lining" Right in my teeth, And I know he's not Referring to my Cavities But to my Pocketbook; And so Lord help me!

*Christy Holmes.*

### Take 'Em Away

DAUGHTER WILLIS: Papa, do you care if I take singing lessons?

PAPA WILLIS: Not if you take them away.



East Is East

and



West Is West

*Ross Sander*



Miss American: Oh, Colonel! I should so like a real French dinner.  
 Le Colonel Bonne Bouche: Ah, Mademoiselle, for that you will 'ave to go back to New York!

### The Letters of Alicia Robert Barnes Rudd No. VI



**D**ARLING,  
 The other day, dear, I started to tell you what "burst upon my inward sight" (I'm crazy about Shelley, aren't you?) in Oldman's going up in the elevator—I think I shall begin to call it the Lift, just to increase my vocabulary a little—and then one thing and another came up that I just *had* to speak of until "I wandered lonely as a cloud" (Wordsworth, *Golden Treasury*, Page 264) away from my subject.

That's the worst of having an active, big, broad, catholic interest: you simply *have* to mention things that occur to you, although lots of times you may be boring people. Still, more often than not you may just say something that you don't think is one of your *best* thoughts (although I always try to say my best: I think one owes it to Society) to somebody or other—like that girl in *Pippa's Past*, you know. Somebody or other was always saying some-

thing or other to her at the crucial moment and she found it all *awfully, awfully* helpful—or perhaps it was the other way around. It's a long time since I've taken any Brown-ing so I've forgotten just what Pippa's past was, but I know it was one way or the other—but I *do* remember he had a Portuguese wife, because he wrote sonnets to her and we had such a thorough course in all that sort of thing at Rosecliff.

But Mamma is calling me to go down town with her, so I must finish some other time.

How time flies!

Affectionately,

ALICIA.

### Maintaining Neutrality

MADGE: What did you say to him when he found you under the mistletoe with his rival?

MARJORIE: I just told him he was next.



## Opera Synopses

### Some Sample Outlines of Grand Opera Plots for Home Study

Robert C. Benchley

#### Il Minnestrone

(Peasant Love)

Scene: Venice and Old Point Comfort.

Time: Early 16th Century.

##### CAST

ALFONSO, Duke of Minnestrone.....	Baritone
PARTOLA, a Peasant Girl.....	Soprano
CLEANSO } Young Noblemen of Venice.....	{ Tenor
TURINO } .....	{ Tenor
BOMBO } .....	{ Basso
LUDOVICO } Assassins in the service of the	{ Basso
ASTOLFO } Cafeteria Rusticana .....	{ Methodist

Townspeople, Cabbies and Sparrows

##### Argument

"Il Minnestrone" is an allegory of the two sides of a man's nature (good and bad), ending at last in an awful comical mess with everyone dead.

##### ACT 1

**A PUBLIC SQUARE, FERRARA.**—During a peasant festival held to celebrate the sixth consecutive day of rain, Rudolpho, a young nobleman, sees Lilliano, daughter of the village bell-ringer, dancing along throwing artificial roses at herself. He asks of his secretary who the young woman is, and his secretary, in order to confuse Rudolpho and thereby win the hand of his ward, tells him that it is his (Rudolpho's) own mother, disguised for the festival. Rudolpho is astounded. He orders her arrest.

##### ACT 2

**Banquet Hall in Gorgio's Palace.**—Lilliano has not forgotten Breda, her old nurse, in spite of her troubles, and determines to avenge herself for the many insults she received in her youth by poisoning her (Breda). She therefore invites the old nurse to a banquet and poisons her. Presently a knock is heard. It is Ugolfo. He has come to carry away the body of Michelo and to leave an extra quart of pasteurized. Lilliano tells him that she no longer loves him, at which he goes away, dragging his feet sulkily.

##### ACT 3

**In Front of Emilo's House.**—Still thinking of the old man's curse, Borsa has an interview with Cleanso, believing him to be the Duke's wife. He tells him that things can't go on as they are, and Cleanso stabs him. Just at this moment Betty comes rushing in from school and falls in a faint. Her worst fears have been realized. She has been insulted by Sigmundo, and presently dies of old age. In a fury, Ugolfo rushes out to kill Sigmundo and, as he does so, the dying Rosenblatt rises on one elbow and curses his mother.



#### Lucy de Lima

Scene: Wales.

Time: 1700 (Greenwich).

##### CAST

WILLIAM WONT, Lord of Glennnn.....	Basso
LUCY WAGSTAFF, his daughter.....	Soprano
BERTRAM, her lover.....	Tenor
LORD ROGER, friend of Bertram.....	Soprano
IRMA, attendant to Lucy.....	Basso

Friends, Retainers and Members of the local Lodge of Elks.

##### Argument

"Lucy de Lima" is founded on the well-known story by Boccaccio of the same name and address.

##### ACT 1

**GYPSY CAMP NEAR WATERBURY.**—The gypsies, led by Edith, go singing through the camp on the way to the fair. Following them comes Despard, the gypsy leader, carrying Ethel, whom he has just kidnapped from her father, who had previously just kidnapped her from her mother. Despard places Ethel on the ground and tells Mona, the old hag, to watch over her. Mona nurses a secret grudge against Despard for having once cut off her leg and decides to change Ethel for Nettie, another kidnapped child. Ethel pleads for Mona to let her stay with Despard, for she has fallen in love with him on the ride over. But Mona is obdurate.

##### ACT 2

**The Fair.**—A crowd of sightseers and villagers is present. Roger appears, looking for Laura. He can not find her. Laura appears, looking for Roger. She can not find him. The gypsy queen approaches Roger and thrusts into his hand the locket stolen from Lord Brym. Roger looks at it and is frozen with astonishment, for it contains the portrait of his mother when she was in high school. He then realizes that Laura must be his sister, and starts out to find her.

##### ACT 3

**Hall in the Castle.**—Lucy is seen surrounded by every luxury, but her heart is sad. She has just been shown a forged letter from Stewart saying that he no longer loves her, and she remembers her old free life in the mountains and longs for another romp with Ravensbane and Wolfshead, her old pair of rompers. The guests begin to assemble for the wedding, each bringing a roast ox. They chide Lucy for not having her dress changed. Just at this moment the gypsy band bursts in and Cleon tells the wedding party that Elsie and not Edith is the child who was stolen from the summer-house, showing the blood-stained derby as proof. At this, Lord Brym repents and gives his blessing on the pair, while the fishermen and their wives celebrate in the courtyard.





Drawn by H. T. Webster

"Howdy, Ossifers! Looks like we was gonna have a white Chris'mas, what?"  
 (The bootlegger, for the first time in a year, carries home some suspicious-looking packages with a clear conscience)



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**T**HE conference made a wonderful start and at this writing has already been a nine-day wonder that overshadows all other subjects of thought and discussion. The papers are full of the news of it and are more interesting than they have been for many months. Everybody whose eyes are toward the front, and who hopes and believes that this is a new era, is delighted with the send-off that the President and Mr. Hughes gave to the great discussion. Those two excellent gentlemen personify admirably as peacemakers the spirit of the country and the hopes of the world. People want to get rid of war. Any path that leads in that direction looks good to them. Mr. Hughes' abrupt and startling plan for cutting down the navies runs precisely in the direction in which the peoples of the world want to go. It seems to be highly acceptable to all the nations concerned. The ice being broken, they all pronounce the water fine and are for getting in. Despite all obstacles and possibilities of discussion, it looks as though there would be a big cut in navies and the building of warships.

The truth is there seems to be doubt in all countries and all governments whether the big battleships, like the Maryland, are worth building under any circumstances, with airplanes and bombs in the progressive stage and developing all the time. Even the naval experts do not advise putting money into such big ships. It seems likely that navies, such as we are used to, are rapidly passing out of date, not because the conference is going to scrap a lot of them, nor wholly because they cost so much, but because they are

being superseded by new inventions.

The reduction of navies is a step towards peace, but of course it will not in itself bring peace. It does not provide security for France, and though it has a bearing on the problems of the Pacific, it does not of itself settle them. To guarantee France there must be, it would seem, some sort of combination of the nations, and to settle the oriental problem there must be a great meeting of minds, but the start on the naval problem is a great encouragement. If that goes through successfully, it will make the conference think it is some good, and it will tackle the next thing on the list with a better hope and all the more vigor.



**T**HE *Sun* and its morning edition, the *Herald*, approve perfunctorily Mr. Hughes' programme for diminishing navies, but the approval is mighty faint. The heart of these contemporaries does not beat for it at all hard. It not only speaks up for navies as they are, and depreciates the value of reducing them, but it makes a remarkable attack on their enemies. The submarine, poisoned gas and the airplane; these three are the particular microbes which threaten to destroy the monster ships, which, by their great cost, embarrass civilization, and make all warships less important. The *Sun* and the *Herald* hold up all three to public disfavor and obloquy. They do it in quite a remarkable way.

Indeed, the manner of this attack is so remarkable that one wonders from whose mind and hand it proceeds. The

*Sun* and the *Herald* have some very gifted writers. There arearchie, Hermione, the Old Soak, and other hands not so widely known. These pieces about navies and outlaw warfare suggest both Hermione and the Old Soak. There is a sentimental inconclusiveness about them that is like Hermione, and a deep-seated longing for the restoration of Old Times and the Old Order that is highly characteristic of the Soak. The *Sun's* feeling for navies is very like the Old Soak's feeling for the bars and beverages that have passed away. "There is nothing," it says, "in the life of a nation that so thrills the heart of its people as a magnificent fleet of battleships. Indeed, the navy composed of straight war craft has its place, and a very honorable place at that. It stimulates patriotism, stimulates national pride and brings to the citizens of a country a superb sense of security." The money saved by getting along with fewer ships it finds "inconsequential, microscopic even, compared with the protection of human life."

Compare with The Old Soak's History, page 11: "As far as I am concerned, I never liked soft stuff in my insides. I never drunk nothing but whiskey for comfort and pleasure, and I never took no medicine in my life except calomel, and I always held to the Presbyterian religion as my favorite religion because those three things has got some kick when took inside of you."

The *Sun* is very disrespectful to the submarine. It says it never was a weapon of fair fight. It calls it "a tool of cowardice." "If nations must fight," it says, "let them fight like men and not like the shark and the squid."

So the Old Soak would feel about it, beyond question.





archie has quite a different mind from either the Old Soak or Hermione. It is a direct instrument and impatient of delusions. We believe archie would take exception to these reflections on the fight methods of the shark and the squid, both of whom use the best means they have to accomplish the end they are after. "The submarine," the *Sun* says, "was defeated by ships that rode honestly on the waves." But since when has it been less honest to go under water? The surface ships would dive if they could. They would do anything to sink the other fellow. "Let the submarine go!" says the *Sun*. "Let gas go! Let every rank, unnatural form of warfare be swept from the programme of honorable battle, even though this include the airplane

as an instrument of war. If bloodshed must come again—which God forbid!—let it be clean killing. Away with the weapons of the viper!"

archie, with his direct intelligence, would say that this was all stuff. He would say it was just the Old Soak's passionate yearning to put his foot back again on the rail, and his elbow on the bar. He would say that God's way of forbidding bloodshed was to beat it with brains, human brains, and that the Old Soak's wish and Hermione's futile hope were to put out of commission the brains that were to go into that business.

And as to poisoned gas, and the explosive which, as the *Sun* says, "in another decade, by the aid of the airplane, will have the world at its mercy,"—"What would you do?" archie would say. "Do you mean to stand all the chemists up in a row and shoot them? Do you mean to stop airplane construction altogether for fear it will hurt the ships? If warships must be kept

in cotton wool, where are your tools of cowardice? Why is airplane warfare not honest? Is it no more honest to go in the air than to go under water?"

The Old Soak who writes these pieces in the *Sun* wants to turn back the hands of the clock. He wants humanity to face about and travel up the back track. It cannot be done. What has been learned cannot be unlearned even for the benefit of navies. The hope of the world is in knowledge. The hope of ending war is to make it so objectionable that it will become impossible. archie knows that. He is an experienced and intelligent insect. It could never have been archie who wrote the editorials in the *Sun* and the *Herald* about the conference.

By all means let poison gas and the submarines go to hell where they belong, but let them take war with them. That is their great office on Earth—to make war impossible.

E. S. Martin.



Lying in Wait



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Grounds Div  
Reason Spee Her C

Reeva Speck  
for



nds Divorce  
Spea Her Client

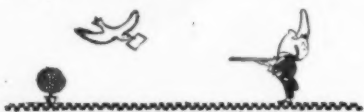




### The Great Plague

**Y**OU can't turn your back for one minute without someone's getting into mischief. This department was closed for one week, just one week, during the Big Christmas Number (*advt.*) and what happened? An appalling number of terrible little plays, looking as if they had just come out from the woodwork, scampered into town and took possession of most of the available theatres. Some of them scampered right out again, it is true, but the whole occurrence was very discouraging. It simply means that we can't take another vacation, that's all.

Nature took its course with "The Great Way" and "The Skirt," and they lived barely long enough to raise their heads from the pillow and murmur: "Where am I?" At this writing they have not pulled the shades down at the Apollo where Louis Mann and an all-Fidelity cast are working over "Nature's Nobleman," but we hope for the good news at any moment.



**A.** A. MILNE can be, and usually is, as richly humorous as any writer alive, but in "The Great Broxopp" he is hardly more than genial. Aside from some delicate tweaks at modern inspirational advertising, which make you realize what he might have made of the play, he relies on the alliterative humor of such lines as "Broxopp's Beans for Babies" and "Chillingham's Cheese for Chickens" for a large proportion of his laughs. He gets his laughs, all right, but they are not the kind of laughs he inspired with his old weekly page in *Punch*. Mr. Milne has adopted Broxopp methods in his comedy-writing and it is acted here in the approved Broxoperatic style.



**D**URING the first act of "Everyday," it begins to look as if Rachel Crothers had emerged from the vestry school of entertainment and written a regular play. Later, however, the golden texts begin to crash in and it finally turns out that money isn't everything. But, even at that, "Everyday" is about as good as evangelical drama could be made. And it is made even better than that by an excellent cast, including Lucile Watson, Tallulah Bankhead, Minnie Dupree, Frank Sheridan and Henry Hull.



**F**REDERIC AND FANNY HATTON have written another play and this time it is called "We Girls." The story of a kittenish mother who insists on keeping her

grown-up daughter out of sight is a dear old story and hard to find fault with, for it contains as many sure-fire opportunities for comedy as any in the store-house and there are always people who haven't seen it before. There are always people who haven't seen *anything* before. Mary Young makes the character as inoffensive as any character can be who has to refer to herself as "poor itty me," and the rest of the cast are sufficiently noisy for comedy purposes. "We Girls" has been referred to by a noted wit as "the Mad Hattons' Tea Party." This is herewith inserted in the records.



**O**N perhaps a higher level, but certainly not more interesting, is Arnold Bennett's "The Title." It is one of those English comedies in which the lines seem to be projected on a screen direct from the manuscript. They are all play speeches, and you almost expect to hear each character read his stage directions in parentheses along with such remarks as "Dear lady, you reassure me! (*Crosses to table, picks up book and lays it down again.*)" The cast, with the exception of Lumsden Hare, may have a share in the blame for this effect.



**I**F we may step aside from all this gaiety and light-hearted crabbing for a moment into the shadow of the Greenwich Village Theatre, it may not be out of place to speak of Eugene O'Neill's "The Straw." This play is depressing in the best sense of the word. It deals with the romance of two consumptives in a sanatorium, and is at times tremendously moving, especially in the hands of Margalo Gillmore and Otto Kruger, who are obviously such very nice young people that the tragedy of the thing is much more poignant than it would have been had its protagonists been merely stage characters. And, incorrigible optimist that I am, I cannot feel that the play ends without any ray of hope for the heroine's recovery. No one as appealing as Miss Gillmore is as she lies in her invalid's chair at the final curtain could be allowed to die. If necessary to save her life, I would have the show stopped by the police.



**A**ND then there is Miss Billie Burke in a delightfully thin play by Booth Tarkington, called "The Intimate Strangers." It gets almost too thin after the second half, when the characters begin saying the same thing over and over again in five-minute rotations, but there is always Glenn Hunter to bring abundant life into his share of the proceedings. Alfred Lunt is pleasing at first, but his tricks (notably the one of shaking his jowls and staring straight ahead to indicate embarrassment, rage, and almost anything else that the occasion calls for) are not diversified enough to wear well during three acts. And Miss Burke, having quieted down somewhat since her last kittenish performance here, is now undeniably charming at times, with only occasional lapses into coy cooing such as that with which she brings down the final curtain.

Robert C. Benchley.



# Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**Anna Christie.** *Vanderbilt.*—A memorable characterization by Pauline Lord in a Eugene O'Neill play of the sea and waterfront.

**The Bat.** *Morosco.*—More crime for your money than anywhere else in town.

**A Bill of Divorcement.** *Times Square.*—Powerful drama of insanity acted with great understanding.

**The Claw.** *Broadhurst.*—Lionel Barrymore in a French play of love in politics.

**The Dream Maker.** *Empire.*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Green Goddess.** *Booth.*—Picturesque melodrama amid the Himalayas, with George Arliss doing the dirty work.

**The Idle Inn.** *Plymouth.*—To be reviewed next week.

**Liliom.** *Fulton.*—As remarkable a play as you could find, and as well acted.

**Marie Antoinette.** *Playhouse.*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Man's Name.** *Republic.*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Silver Fox.** *Maxine Elliott's.*—William Faversham and a highly polished company in one of Cosmo Hamilton's drawing-rooms.

**The Straw.** *Greenwich Village.*—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Varying Shore.** *Hudson.*—To be reviewed later.

**The Wandering Jew.** *Knickerbocker.*—Elaborate spectacle done in blank verse. You know what that means.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Beware of Dogs.** *Thirty-Ninth St.*—William Hodge for those who like his plays.

**Bluebeard's Eighth Wife.** *Ritz.*—Ina Claire in a bed from the French.

**The Circle.** *Schwyn.*—Real theatre. John Drew and Mrs. Leslie Carter head the cast.

**Dulcy.** *Frazee.*—Satire and other things in an amusing combination.

**Everyday.** *Bijou.*—Reviewed in this issue.

**The First Year.** *Little.*—Everybody's home-life made extremely funny.

**Golden Days.** *Gaiety.*—Helen Hayes in adolescent hokum.

**The Grand Duke.** *Lyceum.*—French comedy stuffed with cotton and played by Lionel Atwill.

**The Great Broxopp.** *Punch and Judy.*—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Intimate Strangers.** *Henry Miller.*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Just Married.** *Nora Bayes.*—State-room farce, funny in spots.

**Ki-Ki.** *Belasco.*—To be reviewed later.

**Lilies of the Field.** *Klaw.*—Entertainingly kept women in a poor play.

**Main Street.** *National.*—For those who didn't finish the book.

**Six-Cylinder Love.** *Sam H. Harris.*—Ernest Truex in a sure-fire comedy hit about suburban automobiling.

**Thank You.** *Longacre.*—Evangelical but entertaining.

**We Girls.** *Forty-Eighth St.*—Reviewed in this issue.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Bombo.** *Jolson's.*—Nothing but Al Jolson, but that's enough.

**Blossom-Time.** *Ambassador.*—About as near real music as our musical comedy ever gets.

**Get Together.** *Hippodrome.*—More real entertainment for less money than ever before.

**Good Morning, Dearie.** *Globe.*—Another "Sally," from all indications.

**The Music-Box Revue.** *Music Box.*—Almost worth the price.

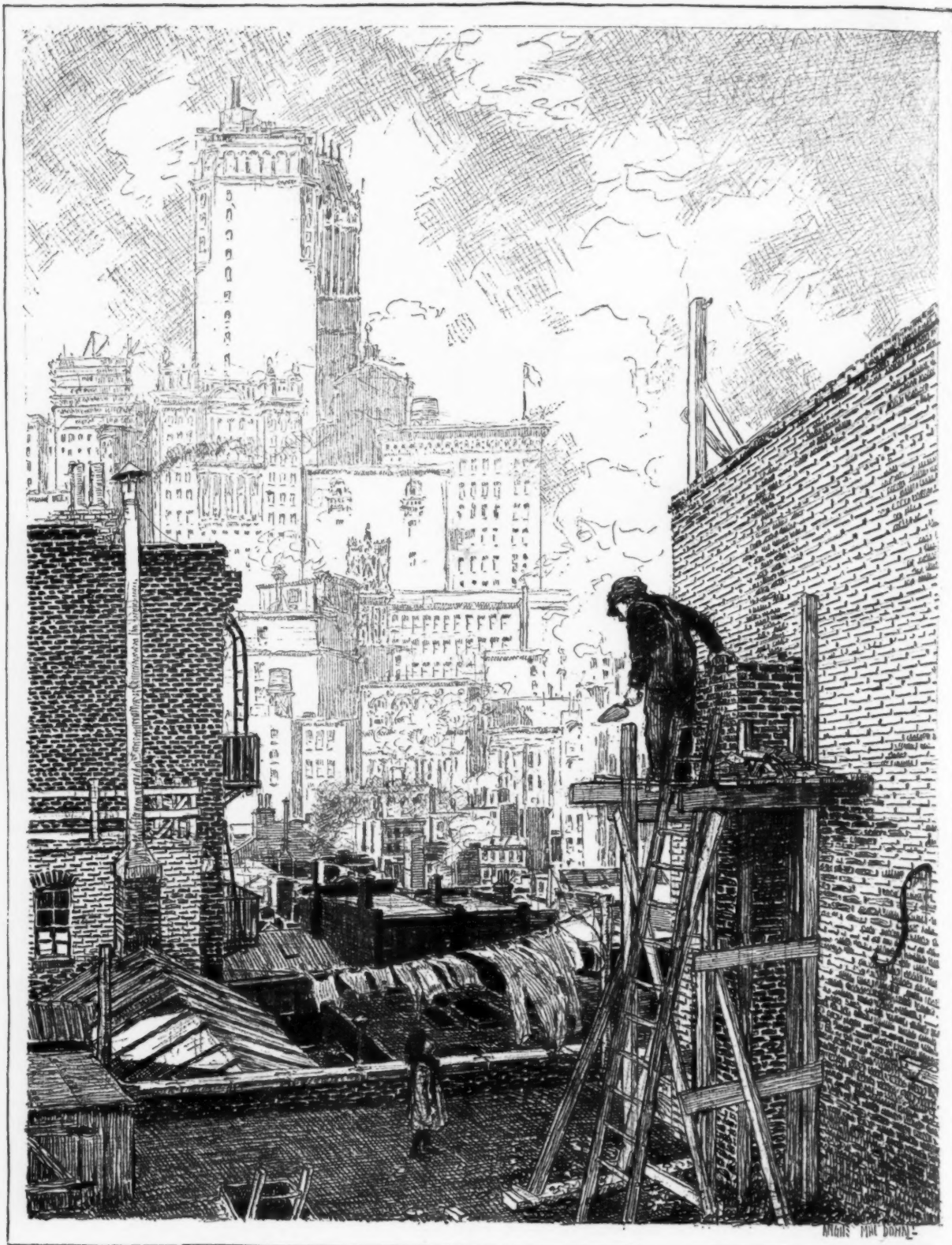
**The O'Brien Girl.** *Liberty.*—Nice and pretty.

**The Perfect Fool.** *George M. Cohan's.*—To be reviewed next week.

**Tangerine.** *Casino.*—Julia Sanderson and John Hazzard in a pleasant show.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY  
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"Hey, mister! Did ye make de chimbley bigger? Ma says Santa Claus couldn't get down last Christmas."



**Husband:** More money! Gracious! I thought you had bought everybody a present.  
**Wife:** I thought I had, too. But I decided suddenly that most of them were too nice to give away.

## Our Catalogue Christmas

Homer Croy

THE other evening I was looking over a mail-order catalogue and I got a start—it only goes to show what you can get from those mail-order catalogues.

But this had to do with a Christmas tree. There it was with a picture and a description—"a beautiful folding Xmas tree with 55 branches, very handsome, shpg. wt. 4½ lbs. for 99c—catalogue number 69F3458. Make your home a cheerful inviting spot during the Holidays." And on top of that it explained that if it didn't come up to the description you could bundle it up and send it back.

How times have improved! When you were young, you didn't have a folding Christmas tree with fifty-five branches nor a million-dollar mansion

to guarantee satisfaction. Not much!

How much simpler and better to-day. All you have to do is just to fill out the order blank—PRINT, not *write*, the name—and get the handsome object. And fifty-five folding branches!

In the old days people didn't have all the wonderful comforts of a machine civilization. The night before Christmas the children hung up their stockings and actually thought that Santa Claus came down the chimney. And the relatives all got together and became acquainted again. *Now* they go to the movies. They can see among other things a woman tempted for fifty-odd minutes by the Other Man and then in the last thirty-two seconds repent her shallow life and decide to become a Good Woman. Some of 'em

can make it in less, even in twenty-eight seconds, but this has not the sanction of practice. The more conservative stick to the thirty-two and the children have come to expect it.

In the old days no one would have thought it possible; now it is being done nightly.

In those days people had to get their pleasures in the home, but now about all they get in their home are the incoming telephone calls—and you know what the service is. Now if the children sit around home Christmas afternoon they consider their time practically wasted—dad isn't half as funny as Charlie Chaplin.

It's wonderful how civilization has helped us—with its folding Christmas trees and family matinées!



# THE SILENT DRAMA



## The Sheik

THE 7,984,521 odd people who are scheduled to pay admissions to the theatres where "The Sheik" is playing will have the disappointment of their lives if they think that this movie will afford them any of the adolescent thrills that were provided in such abundance by the book.

For "The Sheik" in film form is as clean as the virgin sands of Sahara. Although it follows the plot of the novel fairly closely, the sting has been removed with great care and precision. The affair between *Lady Diana* and the handsome Arab has been placed upon the same plane of purity with Ivory Soap.

In other respects, however, "The Sheik" is worth-while entertainment. The desert scenes are well staged and beautifully photographed, and there is some good action when the forces of the Sheik do battle with the henchmen of the bandit, *Omair*. Rudolph Valentino, in the title rôle, strengthens the conviction that he is one of the few fine actors of the screen. He lacks variety of expression, but he possesses a sense of restraint, and he is graceful and well poised to a remarkable degree. His only real fault is that he uses too much shoe polish on his hair.

As a moving picture, "The Sheik" is no world-beater. But even the most confirmed deprecator of the dumb drama can not say that it is as bad—from an artistic or literary standpoint—as the book.

## The Ropin' Fool

HAVING left the Goldwyn company flat on its expensive back, Will Rogers has launched out for himself as a producer of two-reel comedies. "The Ropin' Fool" is the first, and it represents Will Rogers at his best. He starts it off with a sub-title which announces, "They claim that a Griffith production advances the art of motion pictures four years. Well, this picture

will put them back where they started."

Rogers does most of his rope tricks before the slow-motion camera, and gives conclusive demonstrations of his wonderful control.

By the way, why has the slow-motion camera never been used to give an analysis of Bee Palmer's shimmy?

## The Silent Call

A NEW star is introduced in "The Silent Call." It is a dog-star—a massive German police dog—and he justifies his claim to stellar honors in satisfactory fashion. He runs the gamut of canine emotions, and easily outshines the second-rate humans who constitute the supporting cast. It is unfortunate that this dog ("Strongheart" is his stage name, I believe) did not also write and direct "The Silent Call," for it is sadly deficient in spots. There are moments of absurdity, and periods of boredom. But the heroic efforts of Strongheart suffice to lift the rest of the picture somewhat above the average of thrillers.

## All for a Woman

IN accordance with my recently made resolve not to praise any foreign films I don't like, I hasten to announce that "All for a Woman" (the latest German masterpiece) is nothing extra. In fact, there are times when it is actually poor. It is a screen version of the story of "Danton," with scenes laid in Paris during the Reign of Terror after the Revolution. As in "Passion," there are some splendid pictures of the dirty mobs surging through the narrow cobbled streets in quest of new candidates for the local guillotine. In these big mob scenes, "All for a Woman" possesses real dramatic strength. But, otherwise, it is weak. Although it includes in its cast several of the actors who have distinguished themselves in previous imported productions, they do not appear to good advantage. Werner Krauss (who was *Dr. Caligari*) over-

does the rôle of *Robespierre*, and Emil Jannings (the *Louis XV* of "Passion" and *Henry VIII* of "Deception") is not particularly effective as *Danton*.

Who said this department was unpatriotic?

## Mr. Hughes Replies

IN reviewing Rupert Hughes's picture, "Dangerous Curve Ahead," I voiced the opinion that the young mother, *Phoebe*, would not have left her sick child to attend a dinner which meant social preferment.

Mr. Hughes believes that my criticism was unjustified. He says:

"Whether *Phoebe* would have gone to Mrs. Noxon's dinner or not with a trained nurse in the house, seems to be a matter of debate. Whether *Hamlet* was mad or not or should have delayed to erase the King are other matters. I don't mind people getting excited about such matters.

"That it is impossible is a strange claim since millions of mothers beat, starve and neglect their children. Hence the S. P. C. C. If your wife had one ambition on earth—to be invited to Mrs. Astor's home—and got her ambition, and her baby got a fever at seven that night, and she had a doctor and a trained nurse in the house and the baby was likely to be sick for a week or two—maybe she wouldn't go. But most women would, nice average women. And I believe your wife would go."

Perhaps "impossible" was too formidable a word for me to use. There are doubtless many women who would have acted as heartlessly as did *Phoebe* in the same circumstances. It is dangerous to generalize about the feminine gender. No two women are alike—as someone (I think it was Solomon) so well said.

But, in this case, we are only concerned with *Phoebe* herself. And I still believe that she would have forgotten all about Mrs. Noxon's dinner party when she learned that her baby had a high fever.

However, I may be wrong. People so often are.

Robert E. Sherwood.







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PHOENIX  
HOSIERY



### The Star Chamber

It seems that Miss Annie Jump Cannon, America's leading lady astronomer, who is able to classify stars almost at a glance, has now arranged seven hundred thousand of them. The firmament has often impressed us as lacking the deft touch of a capable woman.—*Punch*.

### Page the Firing Squad

"Yes, sir," said the needy inventor, "I need money; my back is to the wall."  
"Well," remarked the business man hopefully, "sunrise isn't so far away."  
—*American Legion Weekly*.

### Consolation

"How did your novel come out?"  
"Well," replied the self-confident author, "it proved beyond all doubt that it isn't one of those trashy best-sellers."  
—*Boston Transcript*.

HE: Are you married?

SHE: That's my business.

HE: How's business?

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*.



### HOW JOLLY!

Mistress: I see you continually talking to that young man at the gate, Mary. Are you engaged to him?

Mary: No, mum; not as yet, but I keep company with him. He's very well brought up, quiet and melancholy like.

—*Tatler (London)*.

### Generalship

Two rival Western towns both boasted of the prowess of their football teams, and a game was arranged. One town bet quite heavily on its team, and to make the result fairly certain hired a celebrated professional player. Early in the game he made a sensational run of seventy yards to a touchdown—and to the surprise of the spectators was immediately removed from the game. The manager gave this explanation:

"Why, we guaranteed to pay that guy at the rate of a dollar a yard! Do you think I wanted to see the town go broke?"

—*New York Evening Post*.

### The Disputed Barricade

Two negro legionnaires were scuffling on a street car one night, but one grew weary of the entertainment. "Don't do that, Orion!" he protested. "Gwan away now and lemme 'lone. Is you cravin' a rony-voo wi' death?"—*Kansas City Star*.

### Art Takes Its Course

MAUD: Why should she want her portrait painted?

GRACE: Well, she's getting too old to look well in a photograph.

—*London Opinion*.

STARVING EX-SERVICE MAN (to pawnbroker): Ten cents on the medal? They told me it was priceless.—*Good Morning*.

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1 pound box stuffed prunes.  
1 dozen assorted preserves, jellies, and orange blossom honey.  
1 small can green gage plums.  
1 small can yellow cling peaches.  
1 large can whole peeled apricots.  
1 can asparagus tips.  
1 two pound glass, whole spiced Kadota figs.

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### To a Lovely Lady

ONE would not fancy she could stay  
So lovely as before—  
Her eighteenth birthday far away,  
Full fifty years or more;  
Her youth the merest souvenir  
Some lover might regret,  
Since in her sere and yellow year,  
Her beauty lingers yet.

Age is no setting for such charm!  
Her loveliness defies  
Old Time himself to do her harm;  
Some potent secret lies  
Within a face that fairer grows  
As years are backward flung.  
The wizardry of winter snows  
Still keeps her beauty young!

*Mabel Haughton Collyer.*

### Fooleries of Science

AT the recent meeting of the British Association for the advancement of science, they discussed the age of the world, and Lord Rayleigh allowed that from evidence lately gathered about the time it takes to make uranium into lead, he calculated an antiquity for this earth of something like six thousand million years. This, he said, was quite an advance from Lord Kelvin's calculation of thirty years ago that the earth was cooling at a rate that made it seem certain that it had not supported life for more than twenty million years.

Quite a jump from twenty million to six thousand million, but, after all, when you have allowed the earth a million years of antiquity, the other millions do not matter. We used to think our earthly home was four thousand years old, and got along comfortably on that hypothesis except that people who thought it was going to end soon were able to get more following than they can now.

But it is wonderful how the great scientific gentlemen talk about these matters and with what straight faces. The calculations they make on geology and heat and mineral changes are amusing gambles and that is all. Why do they try to connect time with creation at all? Time seems to be a mundane product that does not exist except in the minds of living men. No account was made of it at all until Earth got far enough along to produce what Korzybski calls the time-finders, meaning men.

### A Decree Nisi

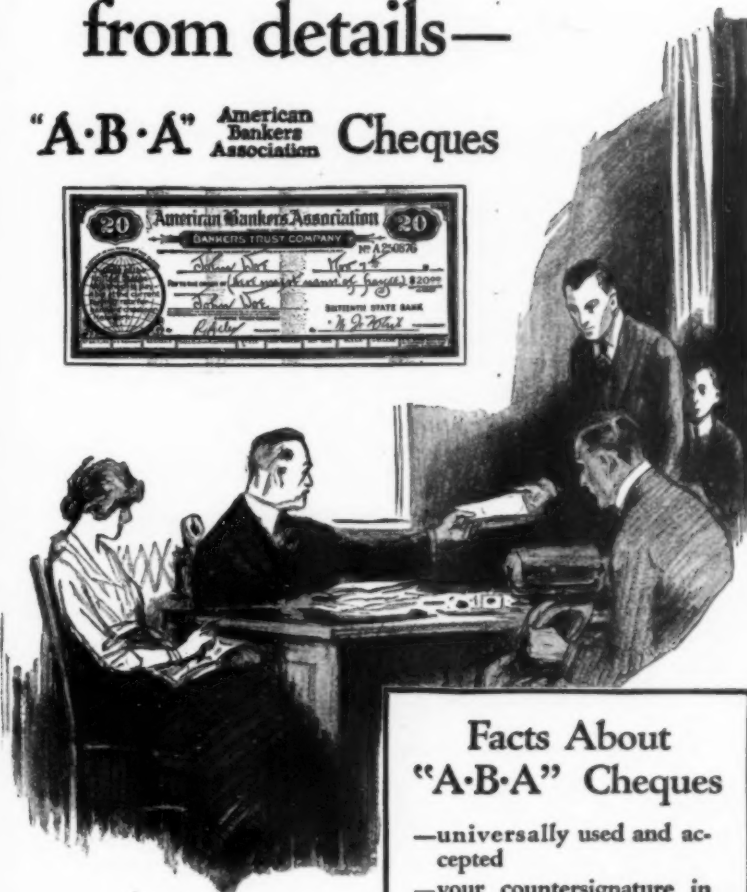
JUDGE: If I grant you this divorce will you marry again right away?

APPLICANT (*blushing*): Oh, Judge, this is so sudden!

"I don't mind being trimmed," said the Christmas tree, "But somehow or other, father doesn't seem to take kindly to it."

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### Facts About "A.B.A." Cheques

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### Ideal Christmas Gifts

## The PRIDE of PALOMAR

A story so "alive" you'll want to cheer for the people in it

By **PETER B. KYNE**

Author of "Kindred of the Dust"

A new North

Woods novel that is being hailed as a master writer's masterpiece:

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**JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD**

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## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### The "That's Nothing" Club

I plucked an autumn leaf in the park and took it to the studio. Showing it to The Man with the Wonderful Relatives, I said: "How's that for an imitation leaf made out of a very fine grade of leather?"

"Le'ssee it?" asked The Man with the Wonderful Relatives.

Passing his fingers over the tinted surface he remarked: "My uncle used to make imitation leaves."

"I suppose," I queried, "that they were much better than this one?"

He looked at me in pity, and sneeringly said: "I'll say they was!"

—N. L. C., in *New York Tribune*.

### A Good Reason!

The Rector was on his way to church when he met the gamekeeper.

"Ah," said the Rector, "how is it, my friend, that I never see you at church?"

"Well," said the gamekeeper, "you see, sir, I don't want to make your congregation smaller."

"What do you mean?" the Rector said, sharply.

"Well, you see, sir," the keeper said, "if I came to church some of the others would go poaching!"—*London Morning Post*.

### In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

#### Disarmament on the Links

It was quite unnecessary to ask a certain golfer what sort of round he had played, for as he approached the clubhouse after leaving the 18th, several idle caddies made a rush for him, saying:

"Clean your clubs, sir?"

"No!" he replied, with tremendous venom. "Let the d—d things rust!"

—*Town Topics (London)*.

#### Chiropractice Makes Perfect

RASTUS: Feller, why for yo'-all dabblin' wid dis here oysteropathy?

SAMBO: 'Cause Ah done read in a book dis oysteropathy done treat ob de manipulin' ob bones, and de onliest partiality Ah's got is humorin' de gallopin' dominoes to pass in review.

—*American Legion Weekly*.

#### Better Than the Reverse

"Do you like housework, Bridget?" said the mistress to her new and elderly assistant.

"O'ill not lie to ye, mum," answered Biddy. "O'i do not; but av the two I prefer housework to the workhouse."

—*Boston Transcript*.

#### Kindred Spirits

When you see two fellows nodding wisely at each other and then looking pityingly on the rest of the crowd, you can guess that they've just read Thomas Edison's statement that only two men in a hundred are intelligent.

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

#### A Soviet Drama

"Pa, what is a joke?"

"Shet up! Don't you know any more than to criticize the government?"

—*Penn State Froth*.



### The Hunter

SMITH, who had the hunting habit,  
Ran across a snowshoe rabbit.

He missed it.

Later, a most unwary grouse  
Offered a target like a house.

He missed it.

Snug in his blind, it was his luck  
Almost to touch a floating duck.

He missed it.

When, broadside on, among the spruce  
There paused a quite enormous moose,

He missed it.

Two miles away, a mackinaw  
Worn by a guide he briefly saw.

He hit it.

*Inigo Ink.*

### To All Germ Plasms—Get Busy!

WHILE the rest of us have been grubbing along, trying to make both ends come within as respectable a distance of each other as the government will allow, the biologists have not been idle. One of the most eminent of them, J. Arthur Thomson, if he has not made a new discovery, has at least formulated a new theory. It appears that each one of us has a germ plasm, and that no matter what else happens, that germ plasm is stable. Outside of the germ plasm, as far as the eye can reach, there is nothing but protoplasm. We do what we ought not to according as the protoplasm of which we are quite largely made is acted upon by heredity or environment. But our germ plasm keeps right on doing business at the old stand.

When Professor Thomson writes of the "inertia" of the main inheritance, what he means is that the protoplasm is in reality all the rest of us which is preyed upon by deterrent influences. We are weak in proportion as our germ plasm is surrounded by protoplasm. A dent can be made in protoplasm at any time by anyone who happens to come along and tempt us.

Protoplasm, in short, is the great yielder, the great giver-in. What we

### An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

## THE RAZOR THAT SHARPENS ITS OWN BLADES



### A Christmas gift men choose for men

Three times as many bought at Christmas as in any other month of the year—that's what many dealers report about their sales of Valet AutoStrop Razors. And they say that 75% of them are bought by men, by satisfied users who see in Christmas an opportunity to let their friends in on a good thing.

It's the safety razor that sharpens its own blades on a straight leather strop—that saves a man money every month in the year. A few quick strokes and he gets a new, keen edge—a comfortable, smooth shave morning after morning. Strops, shaves and cleans without removing the blade.

Ask any dealer for a demonstration today. It will settle one or more of your gift problems. A variety of attractive sets, \$5.00 to \$25.00.

## VALET Auto-Strop Razor

*Saves constant blade expense*

now expect of the biologists is that they shall all get together and discover a method of making it stick up for itself in each of us. And our germ plasms ought to help. It's all very well for them to go on being the same; we have nursed and fed them long enough. Let them help us put the house in order.

WHEN we drank rum we were not really happy—we only thought we were. Under prohibition we don't even think we are happy.





**A Christmas Gift of Rare Distinction**

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FLOWERS OF LOVE

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## Would Overhaul the Bible

**H**ERBERT E. MILES, who has described himself as a retired business man, has come out in the *North American Review* for a reconstruction of the Bible in which parts shall be omitted and the remnants of it rearranged. He thinks the Bible is a great book but somewhat out of date; that it is not doing the good it might do, and if some competent hands took hold of it and cleared some of the junk out of it, a proper book might be made of it that no sensible person would object to.

Mr. Miles has learned that half of the people in the country do not go to church. He thinks they ought to, and that if the Bible were trimmed up a bit and renovated, and preaching done to match, maybe they would.

Mr. Miles is a funny man. His intentions are obviously good, but his understanding even more obviously limited. There is no objection to his doing about the Bible what he wants to do—to rearrange what he understands and leave out what he does not understand. The trouble will be that when he has done it, he won't be able to sell his product. There is more known and suspected about religion than Mr. Miles thinks. The great body of people who are interested in the Bible at all will know that the book as it is is vastly more valuable and useful than the book that Mr. Miles would produce. Some things were more familiar and better understood when the Bible was put together than they are now. We know more about many things than men did 2,000 years ago, but some things, well known then, have been almost crowded out of knowledge, and are only now coming back. The Bible is valuable not only for those parts of it which people like Mr. Miles understand, but also, and even more so, for what they don't understand to-day, but may with good luck understand later if they keep on trying.

The job of assembling and editing the Bible was remarkably well done. No group of contemporary men, such as Mr. Miles suggests, seems fit to better it.

E. S. M.

## Room for All

HARVARD astronomers, after six years of careful "photometric" measurements have let a tuck out of the universe and report it to be a thousand times bigger than has been supposed.

There is room for all, apparently, and places to go to whenever we are crowded or starved off Earth.

"Is this hotel on the American or the European plan?"

"European, sir."

"All right; give me a Scotch whisky."



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The greatest improvement since invention of the Athletic Union Suit itself.

Knee-length. Sleeveless. KNIT of WOOL and Cotton, mixed. The light-weight freedom you like, with the warmth you need.

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A remittance of \$5.00 must accompany all letters, or if desired, send letter from your clergyman or banker vouching for your character and financial reliability.

L. W. VERIGIN, Brilliant, B. C., Canada

## Rhymed Reviews

### Dangerous Ages

By  
Rose Macaulay. Boni & Liveright.

THE Hilarys, from Nan to Jim,  
Were protégés of all the Graces.  
The girls were clever, lithe and slim,  
With pointed chins and elfin faces.

But they, which means their mother,  
too,  
When Miss Macaulay wrote these  
pages,  
Were perilously passing through  
Assorted lots of ticklish ages.

When Neville came to forty-three,  
Her children grown, she felt unstable;  
She longed for work, and tried to be  
A doctress, but wasn't able.

Her daughter, Gerda, pretty thing,  
Was twenty-one—or was it twenty?—  
The age of high adventuring  
That hopes for dangers good and  
plenty.

And Neville's writer-sister, Nan,  
By sundry doubts and longings har-  
ried,  
At three-and-thirty chose a man—  
Whom little Gerda stole and married.

But Mrs. Hilary was worse:  
That shallowest of aimless mothers  
Found life at sixty-three a curse,  
And often made it so for others.

The only women not at war  
With shadows ever growing mirker  
Were Grandmama at eighty-four  
And Pamela, the social worker.

A book so bright, so keenly sane,  
Defies the callipers of critics;  
Though earnest Freudians disdain  
Its flings at psycho-analytics.  
Arthur Guiterman.

## Sure Relief



**Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen**

**The Appreciated Present**  
**Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen**

THE world-wide reputation of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen suggests it as the perfect present for every member of the family.

In addition to pride of possession, it brings with it years of faithful service that endear it more and more each year.

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*Regular      Safety      Self-filling*

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### The Philosopher utters *The Magic Phrase*, "SUBSCRIBE TO LIFE"

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is out of date.

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## Mid-winter Cruises

**A**RE you planning your winter vacation? Then, the two important Raymond-Whitcomb Cruises may interest you. If so, we will send you our Cruise Books.

### 1

Our Mediterranean Cruise (64 days) leaves February 14 on the famously luxurious "George Washington" (U. S. Lines); visits the brilliant ports of South Europe and North Africa, as well as Corfu, Cattaro & Corsica—included in no other cruise.

### 2

Our West Indies-Hawaii Cruise (46 days) leaves February 11, on the "Hawkeye State" (Matson Navigation Co.) along a novel route. A "two-ocean" cruise to our picturesque possessions—Porto Rico, the Virgin Islands, the Canal Zone & Hawaii—to Havana & Jamaica, through the great Canal, calling at Salina Cruz in Mexico, Los Angeles & San Francisco, culminating in a visit to "The Paradise of the Pacific."

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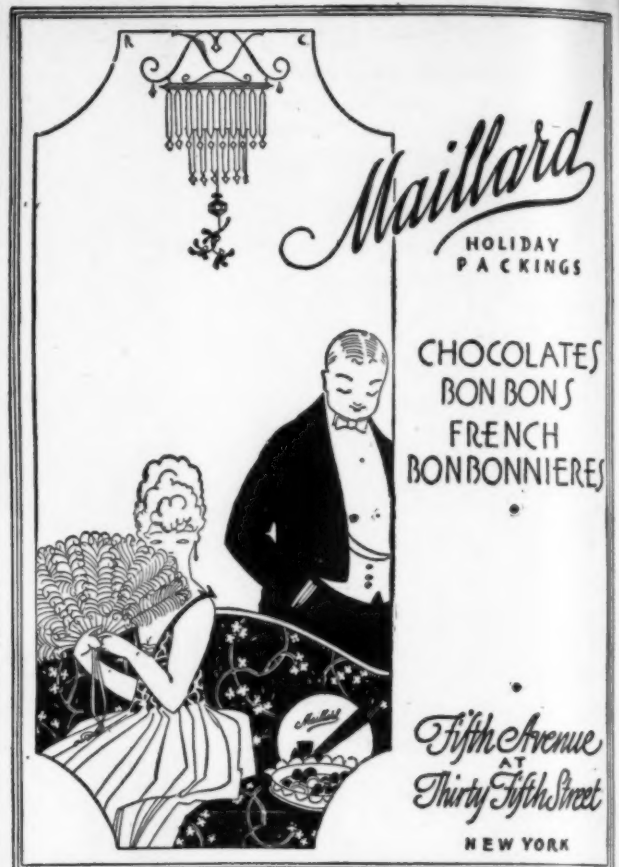
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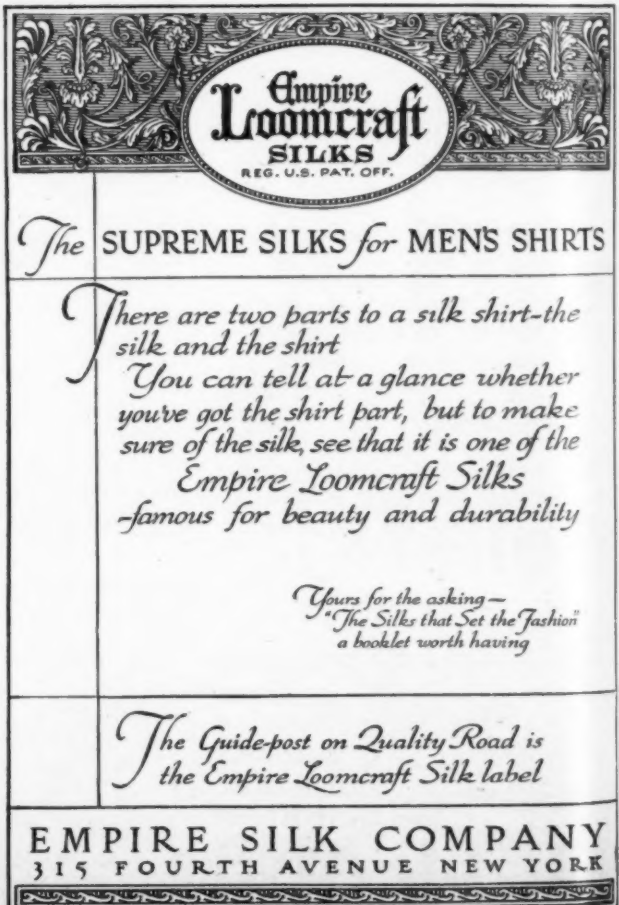
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315 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK

## THE SILENT DRAMA

### Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 22)

**Enchantment.** *Paramount.*—A costly production of a fairly amusing story, with Marion Davies well cast as an ultra-sophisticated flapper.

**The Iron Trail.** *First National.*—Love and strife in the Frozen North, depicted in conventional fashion by the red-blooded pen of Rex Beach.

**Woman's Place.** *First National.*—Constance Talmadge in a delightful satirical comedy about women in politics.

**Conflict.** *Universal.*—A Priscilla Dean melodrama with many fine scenes which are poorly woven together by the scenario writer.

**Theodora.** *Goldwyn.*—One of those vast spectacles that come out of Italy every so often, with a great deal too much of everything, including acting.

**White Oak.** *Paramount.*—Bill Hart Series No. 414.

**The Three Musketeers.** *United Artists.*—One of the few film immortals.

**Over the Hill.** *Fox.*—An excellent feature of Old Hokum Week.

**Little Lord Fauntleroy.** *United Artists.*—Mary Pickford's ambitious interpretation of the famous novel, well staged and well acted throughout.

**The Great Moment.** *Paramount.*—It is estimated that the intelligence of the average adult male is that of a fourteen-year-old child. The enormous success of "The Great Moment" proves it.

**Doubling for Romeo.** *Goldwyn.*—Some fine burlesque by Will Rogers.

**Camille.** *Metro.*—Dumas' great tragedy distorted into what Mr. Herford would call a Nazimovie.

**Under the Lash.** *Paramount.*—Gloria Swanson as the oppressed wife of a harsh old Boer. There is a dearth of action.

**The Old Nest.** *Goldwyn.*—This picture was reviewed unfavorably in LIFE, and is one of the biggest financial hits of the year.

**The Idle Class.** *First National.*—A Chaplin comedy which, though funny, lacks the emotional depths of "Shoulder Arms" and "The Kid."

**The Ace of Hearts.** *Goldwyn.*—An absorbing melodrama, with many unexpected thrills.

FOR REVIEW NEXT WEEK.—"Hamlet," "What Do Men Want?" and "Ladies Must Live."

### Sheer Luck


**PAT:** Say, Mike, did yez hear about that big fiddler dying? He thought so much of his violin he had it buried with him.

**MIKE:** No, yez don't mane it? It's a dom good thing he didn't play the piano.

### Defined

**WILLIE WILLIS:** Pa, what's a "hick town"?

**PAPA WILLIS:** It's a town where you can get to-morrow's New York paper with yesterday's news to-day.



Dispose of Your Christmas Worries Now  
Make It a Christmas Gift De Luxe

## WARD'S PARADISE FRUIT CAKE

The Cake of the Gods

Here is Christmas joy for everybody, for guests at your holiday feast, for your friends and relatives at a distance—for your family. Christmas comes but once a year and on that joyous occasion "WARD'S," the world's greatest bakers, make Paradise Fruit Cake—the last word in the art of cakemaking.

Only the highest grade materials are used in making Ward's Paradise Fruit Cake. Luscious cherries imported from France, Hawaiian pineapples, choicest nuts of every kind, raisins, butter, eggs, sugar, milk and flour—all perfectly blended and baked into the most delicious cake you ever tasted.

Nothing to equal it for the Christmas dinner and an ideal gift for an individual or family. Better than candy for the women folks and more appreciated by men than cigars.

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Genuine



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Always say "Bayer"

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 21 years and proved safe by millions. Directions in package.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

## Russia Suits Isadora

THE first outsider who has gone to Russia and is pleased with it and apparently wants to stay there is Isadora Duncan, the dancer. She says art in Russia is not crushed by commercialism. She went there to start a school to teach Russian children impressionist dancing under Bolshevik patronage.

There are obvious reasons why Russia may suit Miss Duncan better than most other people. Her line is exercise and there is still plenty of it to be had in Russia. As to clothes, folks there seem to wear what they can get. If it is too much they may have to divide. If it is too little, nobody is troublesome.

Miss Duncan thinks that in Russia the greatest miracle in two thousand years is happening, and that before the century is out humanity will get results from it. She is a little like the cautious old lady who would not cross the track in front of the train, and sat down to wait for it to pass. But it wasn't due for a couple of hours. Miss Duncan may have to wait some time to see the Russian miracle bear its destined fruit, but what odds, if she likes it!

## Books Received

*More About Unknown London*, by Walter George Bell (John Lane).

*A Daughter of the Middle Border*, by Hamlin Garland (Macmillan).

*The Briary Bush*, by Floyd Dell (Alfred A. Knopf).

*The Pacific Triangle*, by Sydney Greenbie (Century).

*The Greatest American: Alexander Hamilton*, by Arthur Hendrick Vandenberg (Putnam).

*A Shepherd's Life*, by W. H. Hudson (Dutton).

*The Literature of Ecstasy*, by Albert Mordell (Bon & Liveright).

*The Crystal Heart*, by Phyllis Bottome (Century).

*A Traveller in Little Things*, by W. H. Hudson (Dutton).

*Man'slaughter*, by Alice Duer Miller (Dodd, Mead).



This is what  
healed my skin trouble  
**Resinol**

"Now I don't have to avoid people because of embarrassing skin trouble, or lie awake hours at night, tormented by intense itching. Resinol Ointment did it! After the first application of this soothing ointment, I felt such blessed relief. In a short time the inflammation was reduced and the itching stopped. Now my eczema is entirely gone. I used Resinol Soap as directed with it and have found Resinol Shaving Stick to be the best on the market for a clean, easy shave." Resinol trio at all druggists.

## GUIDE BOOK TO WOMEN

BY JAMES JAMES

The editor of one magazine for women says already—making a new altitude record for wrath as she says it—that this book should be suppressed.

\$1.00 at the nearest bookshop.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 5th Ave., N. Y.

*Manhood of Humanity*, by Alfred Korzybski (Dutton).

*Wandering Fires*, by Dolf Wyllarde (John Lane).

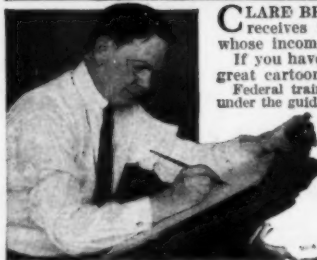
*The Outsider*, by Maurice Samuel (Duffield).

*The Harp of Life: a Play*, by J. Hartley Manners (Doran).

*Nightfall*, by Anthony Pryde (Dodd, Mead).

*Trapping Wild Animals in Malay Jungles*, by Charles Mayer (Duffield).

## MORE THAN \$100.00 A DAY



CLARE BRIGGS, the man who draws "When a Fellow Needs a Friend," receives more than \$100 a day. There are many other cartoonists whose incomes would look good to a bank president.

If you have ideas and like to draw, you may have in you the making of a great cartoonist. Developing natural ability is the surest road to success.

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